A DIALOGUE BETWEEN Claret & Darby-Ale. A POEM.

Considered in an accidental Conversation between two Gentlemen.

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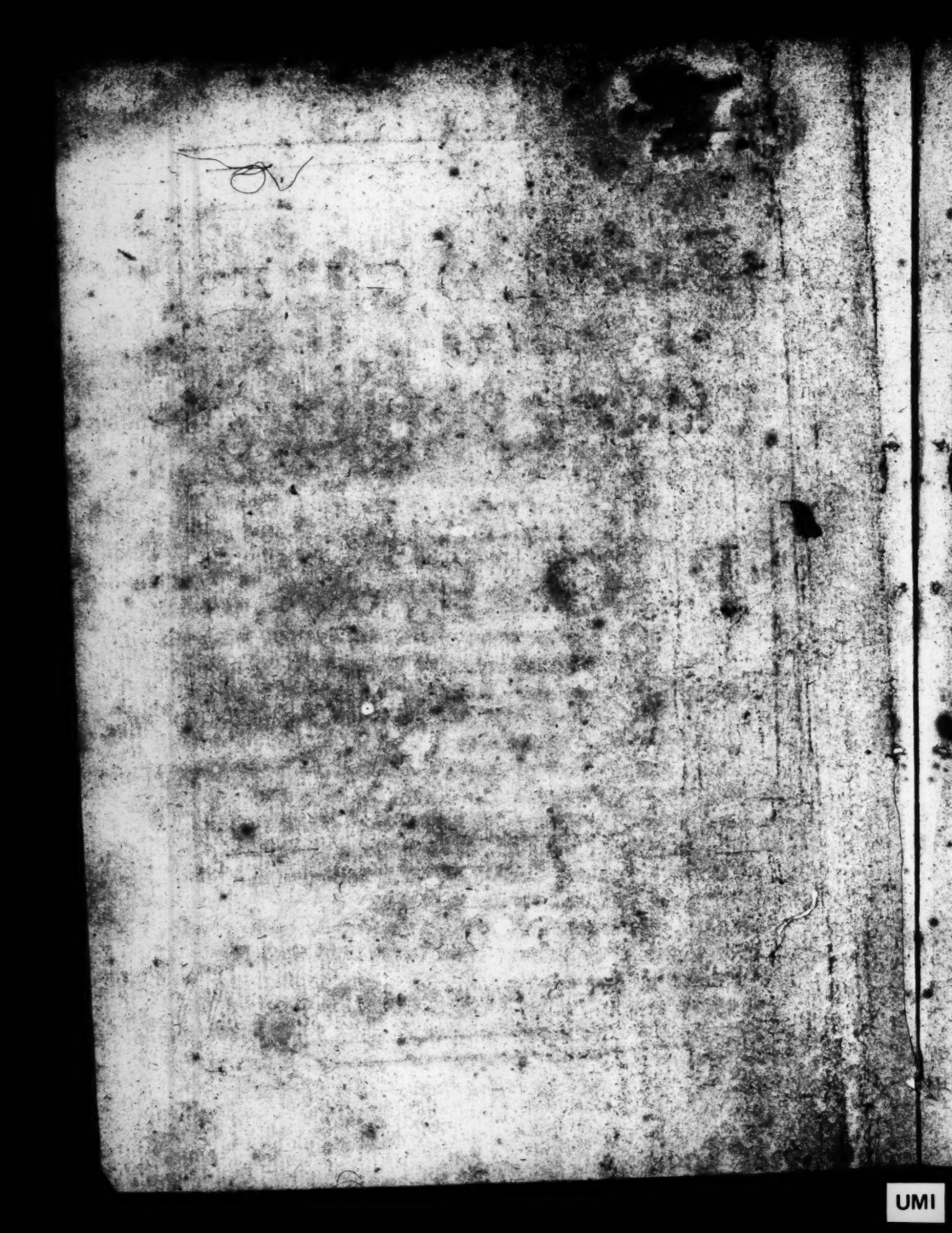

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN Claret and Derby-Ale.

Two Gentlemen *meeting on* Ludgate-Hill.

1st Gent. WElcome from the Country Dear *Harry*; what an Affliction has your Abſence been to your Friends, who have hardly Enjoyed one pleaſant Hour ſince you left us.

2d Gent. And I as few pleaſant Minutes.——— They may talk what they will of the Diverſions of the *Country*, as *Hawking*, *Hunting*, *Seeing*, *Courting*, &c. There's no true ſolid Pleaſure like a Town-Life, half a Dozen *honeſt Friends*, and as many refreſhing *Bottles* of generous *Wine*, is a Pleaſure which the Country cannot parrallel.

1st Gent. Pardon me there Sir; the very pleaſure you ſpeak of you may Enjoy to as full a Perfection in the Country as you can in the Town.

2d Gent. You would be of another Opinion *Will*, if you knew what was my uſual Company; To day a couple of hoiſy *Knights* talking of nothing but *Taxes* and *Politicks*.— To morrow three or four *Inſipid 'Squires* diſcourſing of their

Horſes

Horſes and *Dogs*, as *Crop* and *Dapple*, *Jowler*, *Rockwood*, *Ringwood* and *Bowman*. Two or three days after, an old Country *Juſtice*, with five or ſix Rich *Yeomen* confounding the *Gazets* and publick *News-Papers* with their ſenſeleſs Commentaries. But what need I ſay more, are not theſe think you very agreeable Converſe? I am as glad I am come again to this *dear Town* as an *Engliſhman* who has been ſix Months Priſoner at St. *Maloes* is to ſee his Native Country once more.

1*ſt Gent.* Then you reckon your coming to Town juſt as the *Jews* did their return from the Land of Captivity.

2*d Gent.* Well, let the *Jews* be in Captivity or out of Captivity, I care not; but this Diſcourſe Edifies no more than a Relation of the *New Lights* to a Blind Man: I am for more ſubſtantial Doctrin.——Beſides I hate ſtanding in the Street, it looks ſo like Men of Buſineſs, and thoſe Fellows, you know are my moſt particular Averſion: Let me ſee, what Tavern are we near? Where we may meet with a Glaſs of *old racy generous Wine*, ſuch as the Gods Drink when they'r a Dry, for I am reſolv'd not to part with you, till we have refreſht our Underſtandings to ſuch a pitch, that we ſhall be as *Witty* as *Poets*, as *Wiſe* as *Stateſmen*, and as *Religious* as the *Council of Trent*: What ſayſt thou my Lad, ha?

1*ſt Gent.* I think *Harry* you need not the additional help of the *Bottle*, for you talk as briskly already as if you were Inſpir'd.——What think you of a Diſh of *Settle-brain*.

2*d Gent.* *Coffee* I ſuppoſe you mean; no, no, *Will*, I never think on't at all; I have above twenty Actions againſt that and *Small beer*.——Prethee no more of that ſober Diſcourſe, but to the matter in hand; whither ſhall we go, to the *George*, or the *Three-Tuns*? You know 'em both I'm ſure.

2*d Gent.* Yes, as I did Mrs. *you know who*, about four years ago; Faith, 'twas a pretty familiar Girl till ſhe practis'd Jilting, and then you are ſenſible 'tis high time to quit her.

2*d Gent.*

2d Gent. Why? have they Diſoblig'd you lately by drawing you bad *Wine?*

1ſt Gent. No, never to my knowledg.——— To tell you the plain Truth *Harry*, I drink no *Wine*; and I think the Enmity between us is ſo great, that I fear we ſhall not be Friends again.

2d Gent. Then I come in a very lucky minute to Reconcile you; come, we will drink one compounding *Bottle* of *Claret*, and ſee if we can bring matters to accomodation.

1ſt Gent. I'll as ſoon drink one Bottle of *Aqua-fortis.*——— Beſides, you'r deceiv'd if you think to find *Claret* in Town; I will not ſay but there may be ſuch Liquor; but a *Town-Jilt* never went by more Names than *Claret* does now; in one place 'tis *Barcelona*, in another *Navarr*, here *Syracuſe*, and there St. *Sebaſtian*; but the general Name they give it is *Red-port.*

2d Gent. Let 'em give it as many Names as the *Mogul* has Titles, I care not; come, come, you ſhall drink one Bottle with me.

1ſt Gent. Indeed you muſt excuſe me *Harry*, for I ſwear I will not drink one drop of Wine.

2d Gent. One may gueſs as much by thy *Ember-week Complexion:* You know I hate to preſs upon my Friends too much: What then will you Drink? Or what is your beloved Liquor? For I am reſolved we will no more part with dry Lips, than half-a-dozen *Fanaticks* formerly met together, could part without railing at the Govern. ment.

1ſt Gent. Truly my ordinary Liquor is the product of our own Country, good nappy well-brew'd Ale; but when I would Regale my Senſe, and treat my Palate, 'tis generally with a Pint or two of *Nottingham* or *Darby.*

2d Gent. Ha, ha, ha, *Ale*, quoth a! A Man of thy ſenſe and drink ſuch foggy, unedifying Stuff! But we will not here deſcend into the Merits of the Cauſe; come I have

found out an Expedient will pleaſe us both; let's go to the *Wonder* within the Gate, and I doubt not but honeſt *Ned B——s* will furniſh us with Liquors both good in their Kinds, you with your *Darby*, and me with my *Claret*.

1*ſt Gent.* Agreed,—— The Houſe ſtands rarely well for a Trade.

2*d Gent.* And no doubt it has it.—— Sirrah, Drawer, bid your Maſter bring us up a *Bottle* of *Darby*, and a *Half-Flask* of the beſt *Red* he has in his Cellar.

1*ſt Gent.* Now we are ſet, *Dear Harry* let's have a ſhort account of ſome Country Intreagues of thine; an Aſſignation in a Barn may, for Variety's ſake, pleaſe as well as at a Ladys Lodgings in the *Pell-Mell*.

2*d Gent.* Something may be done after a Dozen Gaſſes or ſo; but you ſhall firſt oblige me with ſome piece of *Wit*, *Satyr*, or *Lampoon*, for I know you have been very happy in Procuring things of that Nature.

1*ſt Gent.* Faith the Town has been very Dull this *Vacation*.—— But this Morning I met a Friend who gave me a Paper of Verſes, which he ſaid pleas'd him; I have not had ſo much Leiſure as to read a Line of 'em yet; but here they are, and I wiſh they may be diverting.

2*d Gent.* They will no doubt; *Wit* is ſometimes as agreeable over a Glaſs, and reliſhes as well as a *Neats-Tongue* or a Diſh of *Anchovies*.——Bleſs me! *Will*, 'tis the very ſubject we could have wiſht for.——*A Dialogue between Claret and Darby-Ale*.—— If the Author manages his Subject well, we ſhall have Diverſion enough, no doubt; but before we Read it, we'll take Half-a-dozen Glaſſes apiece to the memory of our abſent Friends.

1*ſt Gent.* With all my Heart,—— And then I hope the Poem will Attone for the Dullneſs of my Company.

2*d Gent.* No Complements *Will*.—— But now to the buſineſs.——*A Dialogue between Claret and Darby Ale*,—— A kind of *Æſop*'s Fable in Verſe.——*A half Flask of* Claret *ſtanding on a Table, a Bottle of* Darby *Enters, and places himſelf*

self within half a Yard of him; at which Affront the Claret *in a passion Speaks. Reads.*——

Claret. What *Slave* art thou, Impertinent and Rude,
That dar'st upon my Privacies Intrude?
Speak quickly *Wretch*, and tell me who thou art,
Thy business too, or instantly Depart.

Darby. Good words will breed no Blisters on the Tongue;
To call me *Slave* and *Wretch*, you do me wrong;
If you provoke me, I perhaps can shew
As much of Birth and Pedegree as you;
For by your poor *Straw Jacket*, 'tis as plain,
As by your Questions, you'r no *Gentleman*.

Claret. Ill judging Fool, who dost by outsides guess,
And value things by their Appearances;
My Quality I may in time Disclose,
But till I know your Name, we must be Foes.

Darby. Since Choler o're your Reason does prevail,
I'll Humour you,——My Name is *Darby Ale*.

Claret. Your Servant; Are you then that *Mighty Sir*,
Who have so lately made so great a Stir?
You and your Cousin German *Nottingham*,
Had so ingroft the Breath of airy Fame,
That all the *Coffee-Houses* of the Town,
Did you their Tutelary Angel own;
Nay more, your boldness grew to such a height,
That you presum'd at last t' invade my Right.

Well said *Old Straw-bottle*, there's an Action good in Law, and faith I'll lay twenty Pound thou carryest it.

Darby. My Country Breeding is I must confess,
As yet not Polisht with a fine Address:
I know no wrong I've done.— But taxt by you,
'Tis fit your Name and Quality I knew,

That

That I may either Vindicate the Action,
Or else Submit and give you Satisfaction.

Claret. Spoke like a Spark; but since I stoop so low,
To let thy Little Self my Title know:
Prepare thy Ears, and Tremble when you hear it,
I am the most Immortal Liquor *Claret*,
Sent down to be a Charm for mortal Cares,
Son of the Sun, and Brother to the Stars.

That's a Line I have read in some Play or other; but however 'tis well enough applyed here.

Darby. I'm glad I know you, High and Mighty *Sir*;
Think you your pompous empty Name could stir
My Choler? No, your Title makes me fear,
As much as if you'd been *Six Shilling Beer.*

Claret. Thou *Son of Earth*, thou dull insipid thing,
To Level me, who am of Liquors *King*,
With lean *Small Beer*, but that thou art not worth
My Anger, else I'de frown thee into Earth.

Darby. I neither fear your Frown, nor court your Smile:
But if I'm not mistaken all this while,
By other Names than *Claret* you are known.

Claret. You do not hear me Sir the Fact disown,
Some call me *Barcelona*, some *Navar*,
Some *Syracuse*; but at the Vintners Bar
My Name's *Red Port*: But call me what they will,
Claret I am, and will be *Claret* still.

Darby. So needy *Sparks* by several Names are known:
It argues Knav'ry to have more than one.
None knows in private what the *Vinters* do,
But there's some Roguery hatcht between you two,
Those *Sons of Bacchus* else could never hold:
Why? There's more *Wine* by Name of *Claret* sold
One Month in *London*, than a man can guess
To be the Product of three Vintages.

1st Gent. There I think he is pretty even with him, for the Vintners do certainly play the Devil in their Cellars; and therefore 'twas no ill Joke when a *Brewers Servant* meeting a *Vintner* of his acquaintance, bid him *Good-morrow Brother Brewer.*

2d Gent. You have heard the Plaintiff, and 'twould be unjust not to hear the Defendant too.——*Let me read on.*

Claret. Offspring of Element and Grains forbear,
And press not too Inquisitively near
Our Mysteries: For 'tis not fit you know,
What my old Friend the Vintner and I do.
What Racks and Tortures ere I undergo,
That 'tis for my amendment done I know;
And I appear all fine at *Jovial Club.*
Darby. As *Fluxing Sinner* rose from *Sweating-Tub:*
The diff'rence only lies between you two,
He is by *Mercury* Cur'd, by *Brimstone* you.

1st Gent. There I think *Old Darby* has given him a home thrust: Come, here's one Health of Remembrance to all our Friends in the *North* for that Jokes sake.

2d Gent. 'Tis a rude kind of Jest tho, just like his breeding: But I'll read on.

Claret. Dull Slave, thy empty foolish Puns forbear,
Know that more Virtue in this *Flask* I bear,
To chear the Blood, and make the Spirits Quicker,
Than is in Tuns of thy Insipid Liquor.
Darby. What mighty Difference lies between us two?
I warm the Blood as much, or more than you.
Claret. You warm the Blood! You put it in a Flame,
While I with gentle Fires just Heat the same:
What Man with *Thee* one Ev'nings brunt has stood,
But rose with *Aking-Head* and *Fev'rish Blood*?

Whereas my Friends could no ſuch Symptoms Mark,
But riſe next Morning Chearful as the Lark.

Darby. Could you Examin *Pluto*'s *Weekly Bill*,
You'd find amongſt thoſe Crouds his Caverns fill,
Forty by Drinking *Wine* that thither came,
For one, by *Darby Ale* and *Nottingham*.

Claret. Are you his Regiſter, ſo well you know
The ſtate of the Departed Souls below?
I thought that ſecret had belong'd to *Fate*,
But Fools of things above them ſometimes prate.

Darby. Since you are mov'd, we'll chooſe another Theam,
My want of Spirit ſure you wont Condemn;
I warm the Blood, and Doctors all agree,
When that is brisk, the Spirits muſt be free.

Claret. With ſenſeleſs Jeſts, and farfetcht Repartee,
For ſure no other Wit was caus'd by thee;
The Blood indeed you Warm with Poyſonous Fire,
But I yet never heard you could Inſpire,
Except ſome *Smithfield* Poets when they Write,
And ſad and Lamentable Songs Indite;
For I have heard when liberal Draughts of *Thee*,
Have warm'd the Brains that kept thee Company;
Such ſenſeleſs Strains paſs currently for Wit,
As *Iriſh Teague* ne're ſpoke, nor *Saff*——*ld* Writ;
Whereas the *Friends* that Hug me every Night,
(Not meaſuring time by Hours, but by Delight
Are men of ſenſe, deep Judgment, Fancy, Wit;
When they 'bout me in Conſultation ſit,
Each Glaſs creates ſome pretty Virgin Thought,
Which but for me had ne're to light been brought;
For *Poets*, *Lawyers*, *Orators* confeſs,
Their words appear in the moſt charming Dreſs,
When they of me have took a plenteous Glaſs;
If this be true, Faith *Darby* thou r't an Aſs.

Darby. How ſtrangely you Inſult and Domineer,
You Foreign Born, and I a Native here.

I thought *French Breeding* was more Civiliz'd.
Claret. You *Scoundrel Dog*, am I not Nat'ralliz'd?
The greateſt part o'th' Nation own my *Juice*,
While they with Juſtice *Foggy-Ale* refuſe.
Darby. But *Acts of Parliament* 'gainſt you are made.
Claret. What ſeem'd to Cruſh has but advanc'd my Trade.
Darby. Then you it ſeems (ſo very great your ſenſe is)
Are above Law, as Saints 'bove Ordinances;
But there may come a time——
Claret. ——When you ſhall be,
Loaded with ſhame, diſgrace and infamy.
Back to thy Native Soyl, return again,
While I my Grandeur and my Pomp maintain;
Thy Credit's clearly loſt about the Town,
And none but Red nos'd Sots thy Power own,
Elſe in *Gazetts* and *Advertiſements*, you
Would ne're have begg'd for Cuſtom; Is this true?
Darby. Perhaps it may, perhaps it may be not,
May racking *Gouts*, *Pains*, *Aches*, be the Lot
Of him that Drinks thee, may he more be Curſt
With *Fev'riſh Heats*, and an *Eternal Thirſt*,
Till *Raving Madneſs* him of *Senſe* bereave;
So with theſe Hearty Prayers I take my Leave.
Claret. What, Angry *Darby*? Nay, before you go,
Pray be ſo kind to hear my Wiſhes too:
May *Rhumes*, *Catarrhs*, *Deſtuctions* light upon
Thy *Favorites*; but chiefly let the *Stone*
Oppreſs them ſo, that in their Fits they may,
To go to Hell for Eaſe, devoutly Pray;
May *Palſies* rack their Joynts, ſharp *Pains* their *Head*,
And not one part about their Bodies Freed
From Miſery.—— And ſo farewel *Old-Darby*,
Born at the *Peak*, or elſe the *Devil's Aſs Hard-by*.
Exeunt.

2*d Gent.* What think you now *Will*, who has got the better on't?
1*ſt Gent.*

1st Gent. They seem to be pretty equally Matcht; but I believe the *Poet Laws Claret*, he seems to be so favourable to that side.

2d Gent. He's much in the right on't, for Faith *Will* that Ale you think is a most [illegible] Liquor: Let me feel your Pulse —— Lord! How hot you are! and your Face looks as fine as the *Moon* [illegible] I am resolv'd to undertake thy Conversion, [illegible] the Fourth again; and to morrow will Dine at the *Rummer* in *Queen-Street* and Swim in *Claret*.

3d Gent. I begin to be a little Sensible of my Mistake; but since I am under no Vow, Wager, nor Obligation, for once I'll venture upon *One Pint* to morrow, but it will be as odd and nauseous to me at first, as the Bitter Draught is to Children troubled with the Worms.

4th Gent. Never think on't —— Let the first Pint be what it will, the second shall absolutely recover thee from thy Dangerous Heresy —— I am sorry tho, we must Part so soon; but I have some business in the City, and fear I have outstaid my time.

1st Gent. I am sure I am not very fit for business of any sort, this Ale has got into my Head, I'le go to the *Playhouse* to keep my self out of bad Company.

2d Gent. A pleasant thought —— Then till to morrow *Adieu*.

1st Gent. I will not fail —— Here Boy, Take your Mony

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